

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

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## THE REFLECTOR.

FROM THE OLD COLONY MEMORIAL.  
"A pleasant thing it is to behold the light of the sun."—SOLomon.

While MASONRY is spreading its influence over this section of our country, and diffusing light and knowledge to its votaries, we cannot without regret view its total neglect on the hallowed spot where the Pilgrims first trod.—Whatever may be the opinions which some have formed; and however the abuse of the order may have cast a stumbling-block in the way of many, yet it is an undeniable truth that the institution of Masonry, has contributed in a very great degree, to the diffusion of light and knowledge. It has aided in the promotion of benevolence, and brotherly affections; it has cemented in bonds of friendship, those who were before at variance; it has been instrumental in elevating the mind of the grovelling; in expanding the heart of the selfish, and infusing into the soul of the unprincipled and vicious, a motive of truth and virtue. Masonry comprehends within its circle every branch of useful knowledge and learning, and stamps an indelible mark of pre-eminence on its genuine professors, which neither chance, power, nor fortune, can bestow. When its rules are strictly observed, it is a sure foundation of tranquillity amidst the various disappointments of life; a friend that will not deceive, but will comfort and assist, in prosperity and adversity; a blessing that will remain with all times, circumstances, and places, and to which recourse may be had; when other earthly comforts sink in disregard. Masonry gives real and intrinsic excellency to man, and renders him fit for the duties of society. It strengthens the mind against the storms of life, paves the way to peace, and promotes domestic happiness. It meliorates the temper, and improves the understanding; it is company in solitude, and gives vivacity, variety, and energy, to social conversation. In youth, it governs the passions, and employs usefully our most active faculties; and in age, when sickness and disease have benumbed the corporal system, it yields a fund of comfort and satisfaction. These are its general advantages; to enumerate them separately, would be an endless labor; it may be sufficient to observe, that he who cultivates this science, and acts agreeably to the character of a Mason, has within himself the spring and support of every social virtue; a subject of contemplation, that enlarges the mind, and expands all its powers; a theme that is inexhaustable, ever new, and always interesting. And why this coldness and neglect from the spot which ought to be the corner-stone?—Where the precepts of Masonry are not attended to, the house of God will be deserted. And can we see this institution which cannot be too highly esteemed, abandoned? Are not its advantages too great to be yielded to the idle clamor, or the senseless tales of presumptuous ignorance, and ungratified curiosity? Shall an institution, which has existed for more than five thousand years, and which has been approved and admired by presidents, kings, princes, statesmen, generals, clergymen, and thousands of pious men of all denominations of Christians upon earth, be sacrificed to the caprice of those, who, through ignorance or ill will, are disposed to ridicule it? No: it has withstood the violence of opposition too long, for its votaries to entertain a doubt of its continuance, until the general conflagration of this globe. Then shall its pure and unadulterated principles, like gold well refined, shine with dazzling lustre, in the eternal temple, not made with hands.

HIRAM.

## THE BIBLE.

The Bible is an invaluable treasure; a volume more precious than rubies; the repository of all that can enlighten the understanding, comfort the heart, and elevate the affections. It opens to us sources of pure and unalloyed felicity, it is the rich fountain of faith, of hope, of charity, of every holy principle, and noble virtue. It gilds the dark vale of tears with beams of celestial peace, and sacred joy; it infuses into the bitter cup of adversity unutterable consolation, and presents to the enraptured vision of the poor and friendless sufferer, the radiant mansions of immortal fruition.

## LONG PRAYERS.

It seems to be a settled principle with some good men to make their prayers in social meetings as long as possible. They exhaust all the powers of attention in those who join with them, a long time before they come to a conclusion. This practice has no sufficient apology. It is death to all genuine devotion. Indeed, not uncommonly it is the offspring of death, as well as the parent of it. In all social meetings, prayers should be short and comprehensive. They will then be edifying; all devout hearts may unite in them. If they are long, the speaker will probably be the only person in the company whose heart is engaged. Long prayers and long addresses answer no good purpose.

Boston Recorder.

## RECEIPT FOR CONTENTMENT.

A man asked a pious minister, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining,

or discovering impatience; how it was he could thus be always *easy and contented*, under whatever scenes? The good man replied, "I can teach you the secret with great facility: It consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes. In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business is to get there. I then look down upon earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our earthly cares must end; and how very little reason I have to complain or repine." Reader, improve this receipt; and you too will obtain a cure.

## THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.  
LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Killarney, 7th of July, 1825.

Ross Castle, like many other places in this vicinity, was distinguished in the wars of the Commonwealth. It was attacked by Gen. Ludlow, and gallantly defended by Lord Muskerry. A superstition prevailed that the Castle could not be taken until a man-of-war should ride upon the Lake of Killarney. A large boat in the shape of a ship of war was accordingly brought across the mountains from the ocean, and soon after the Castle was reduced, though not without a desperate conflict, attended with much bloodshed. We lingered about this ruin until 9 o'clock in the evening, and in the enthusiasm of the moment were not aware that we had walked about eight Irish miles after dinner, until we had turned our backs upon the scenery for the night, and commenced our return to the hotel.

Yesterday morning we set out, on two ponies, for the head of the Lake, there to meet a boat which was to row up and take us home. The road leads by the ruin of Aghadoe, which is renowned in ecclesiastical history, and still gives title to a catholic bishop. We also passed the river Lanne, forming the outlet of the Lake, over which is a handsome stone bridge with numerous arches. Near this are Beaufort and Dunloe Castle. In the course of the day we received some fine fruit from the garden belonging to the former—a present from our fellow-passengers in the coach from Cork. At a little distance from this point is the celebrated pass of Dunloe, being a narrow and rugged defile in the mountains, just wide enough for a road, which was so rough that we were compelled to dismount from our ponies and walk through. The hills rise almost perpendicularly on either hand, and immense masses of the rock have crumbled from the cliffs, blocking up the sides of the way with the fragments. A little stream with several expansions, in the form of lakes, passes through the gap. Goats and sheep were seen in some places among the rocks; and at one point, two sheep had imprudently descended upon a cliff from which they were unable to extricate themselves, and must soon perish. Around the summit of the highest mountain, we saw a brace of eagles, soaring and basking in the solar blaze. They build in the crags of the rock.

In the exaggerated descriptions of the scenery about these Lakes, it is stated among other things, that persons have entered the Gap of Dunloe, and were so terrified at the precipices over them, as to retreat without venturing through. They must have had weak nerves, if these be the least foundation for the report.

We experienced nothing like terror. The scene is grand, but cannot be considered awful. In sublimity, it is far inferior to the Notch in the White Hills of New-Hampshire. The Saco is a much finer river, than the streamlet hurrying down the rocky Pass of Dunloe. McGilly Cuddy's Reeks and Purple Mountain are mere mole hills, in comparison with Mount Washington.

From the height of ground in this celebrated Gap, the sequestered vale of Comme Duff opens on the view towards the south-west, winding among the hills. It is a beautiful glen, watered by a small stream falling into the upper Lake, near the mouth of which is a cottage and castle, belonging to Lord Brandon. Here we found our boat in waiting, and after a most fatiguing walk over a pathway impassable to our ponies, we embarked and commenced our descent through the lakes. Our first landing was upon Ronan's Island, situate in the midst of a group of four or five others, raising their verdant and wood-crowned summits to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the tranquil surface of the water. We climbed to the top of Ronan's, whence a fine panoramic view of the mountains and lake is obtained. On the border of the isle under a cliff, stand the ruins of a cottage, the site of which is not inferior to that described by St. Pierre, and which a Paul and Virginia might not have disdained to inhabit.

The boat next landed us near the base of one of the loftiest hills, denominated Derry-Cunliffe, on the south shore of the upper lake. Along a glen and brook of the same name, a walk winds among the trees for some distance. On emerging from the woods, and close by a beautiful

cascade, whose murmur is sent back in echoes from the mountain, the visitant finds a neat garden and cottage suddenly bursting upon his view. The humble and sequestered dwelling is low-roofed and thatched, with alcoves in front, defended from the beams of the sun by trees and shrubbery. It is entirely surrounded by hedges of flowers. Roses and woodbine, in full bloom, actually peep in at the windows, and fill the air with fragrance. The grounds, garden and cottage display more taste than I have discovered in the vicinity of Killarney. They belong to the Rev. Mr. Hyde.

From this rural retreat we hastened down the shore of the upper lake, and through the straight connecting it with Turk, or the middle section, debarking at several points to take parting views of the hills. Several bridges in ruins and covered with ivy, crossed our passage, and added much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery. The boat landed us on Dinis Island, just at the entrance of Turk Lake, and our guide conducted us to a cottage overhung and concealed by a delightful grove, where we dined on provisions brought from the hotel. Near this point, we passed close by the base of Eagle's Nest, the most rugged and finest peak of these mountains. It takes its name from an aery of that noble bird, lodged for many years in the same crag of the rock, which was distinctly seen by us, at the height of a thousand feet from the base. The boatmen related an anecdote, which not a little amused us. On the day previous, they had rowed Lord Ramsay, a young nobleman, to the same spot, and pointed out the nest of the eagle. While he was standing gazing, and expressing his disbelief of the report, the eagle flew from the nest, and was soon joined by her partner. In a transport of surprise and enthusiasm, his lordship exclaimed—"Upon my honor, there are the eagles now!"

The echo at this and several other places, is uncommonly fine, almost equaling the miracle ascribed to it, of replying to the interrogator, "How are you, Pat?"—"Well, I thank your honor." The bugleman first tried the experiment; but as the wind was high, he did not succeed to advantage. A small cannon was next loaded and discharged twice. The *patera* succeeded to admiration. Half a dozen reverberations from the remote parts of the mountain, at intervals sufficient to enable a person to count them, were distinctly heard. It is said that sixteen have been counted in still weather.

There is nothing peculiar in Turk Lake, which washes the base of the mountain of the same name, except that it is the largest expanse of unbroken water. It is however in all respects inferior to the crystal sheet of St. George; and the scenery about the latter is equally beautiful with that of Killarney, with the single exception, that the mountains do not present so great a variety.

As night was now fast approaching, we hurried across the dark and ruffled waters of the Turk, and landing at its outlet, walked four Irish miles through the grounds belonging to Mrs. Herbert, for the purpose of viewing the ruins of Murcruss Abbey, which is the most celebrated spot in this region. Its location is at the eastern extremity of the lower lake. The ruin entirely concealed from view, by the thick foliage of the aged trees which surround it. Even on a near approach, the eye does not readily discover it, as the dilapidated and desolate walls are mantled with ivy, scarcely distinguishable from the verdure of the ground and woods.

A feeling of awe is felt on entering the cloisters of this venerable pile. It was near sunset by the time we had reached it. The Heron from the lake was whistling and croaking among the branches of the trees, where it builds its nest. At the right hand of the tottering arch, forming the principal entrance, is a mass of human bones, which at one time reached to the second story of the building! and the pile of rubbish is scarcely less at present. The skulls are by dozens, not to say by hundreds, so arranged as to stare the visitor full in the face.

At every step, we stumbled over fragments of coffins, which strew the apartments of the ruin. Such a horrid scene appeared to us highly indecorous. The relics of the dead might at least be collected, and decently covered.

This Abbey was a Friary, founded in the sixth or seventh century, and has ever since been a cemetery, for which purpose it is still used. So strong is the attachment to the consecrated ground, as a place for depositing the dead, that the whole surrounding country flock to it; and persons are sometimes brought from Cork, a distance of forty-five miles, to be here interred.

The O'Donohoe family have a tomb in a conspicuous part of the shattered building, around which are grouped the graves of the principal chieftains, renowned in war, or eminent for piety. We penetrated every cloister, climbed the dark flights of steps, and read many of the inscriptions, some of which are very ancient. In the centre of the ruin, is a yew-tree, said to be three hundred years old. Its trunk is a foot and a half in diameter, and its branches fill one of the apartments, rising to the top of the building and hanging over the walls. We each of us plucked a twig, as a slight memorial of the scene. By the time our survey of the Abbey was completed, the boat arrived, and took us across the lake and among the islands,

to Ross Castle, where we landed, and returned to the hotel at ten o'clock in the evening, fatigued but highly gratified with the numerous adventures of the day.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THE FIRST ERROR.

Mary Conway was the flower of her father's family. She was young, and well do I remember that she was beautiful—most beautiful. There is no object beneath the sun—nothing in this wide world, full as it is of allurements, rich as it is in glorious promises, and golden hopes; and spirit-stirring dreams; that burns into the heart like the fresh vision of young angelic loveliness, in the hey-day of the passions. There is something so pure, and innocent, and holy, in the mild lustre of her eye; something so heavenly in the soft and gentle smile that plays upon her cheek and lips; so much ethereal gracefulness in her form; so many attractions round her; that it seems to me a beholding Intelligence from the court above, would bend a moment to contemplate and consider, before he flew to the eternal throne to enter the crime of idolatry against her youthful worshipper, in the moment that he had lost the recollection of his Creator in gazing upon her. I look back through a mist of years, but I see no object beyond it more distinctly than Mary Conway.

She married early in youth, advantageously and happily; in age and fortune, her partner was entirely suitable for her; their minds too were similar, above the ordinary cast, firmly moulded, full of sensibility, delicacy and spirit. And the morning of their matrimonial life wore every prospect of a long, and delightful, and quiet day of joy. If it seemed bright to others; it seemed doubly so to them; and lost in the plenitude of their happiness, they forgot it had ever entered their minds, how much care and caution, what watchfulness and forbearance, what kindness and prudence were necessary to secure the peace and tranquillity they now enjoyed. Love does not burn always with the brightness of its first light; but it often grows more and more deep, sincere and unchanging as time rolls away. The feelings remain as tender and susceptible, after the shield that protected them from every unkind word or act has been broken.

The business in which they were engaged was a prosperous one; and Henry was a man of business, industrious, attentive and intelligent. Every one who spoke of them prophesied that they would speedily realize a splendid independence. They were the pride of the village. But how small a matter sometimes, gives an unexpected direction to the fortunes of kingdoms, cities and individuals. It happened one afternoon, several months after her marriage, that Mary had a little tea-party, at which several matrons of the village were present, and as is often the case, a long and learned dissertation on the matter of managing husbands, had been given alternately by one and another; husbands and prudent wives know what such amount to, and of how much value they are to young housekeepers. Unfortunately, Henry returned in the evening, fatigued and weary, in both body and mind, with the labors of the day, and took his seat at the table. His favorite dish was not there. He inquired for it in a style that, perhaps, savored a little of reproach; it was unintentional. Mary was in the presence of her self-constituted preceptors; she was ashamed to appear too submissive before them, and besides, her feelings were wounded by her husband's manner; she replied, as she thought, spiritedly; but it was really harsh.

Henry cast a single glance across the table, pushed back his plate and rising, left the room. It was the first error. They were both sensible of it in a moment: but who should make the first concession, where both were plainly wrong?

As Henry walked down the street engaged in unpleasant meditations, and enveloping himself in the gloom, a bright light from the upper windows of the village inn, attracted his notice; he stepped over; a party of gay young men were about sitting down to supper; they urged him to join the club: The temptation, under the circumstances of the case was all powerful. Supper over, he delayed a little longer, and a little longer, taking his leave; liquor was next introduced, and he drank; music came next, and cards followed; though he did not join in the last, he looked on the games without abhorrence; the dread he had been brought up in of evil, had been broken.

Returning late at night, his spirits heated with wine, and the recollection of his wife's behaviour before birth, he found her retired, and passed the night in another room. The morning brought a cool meeting; the formal interchange of a few words, and parting without explanation or complaint. The seed of discontent was sown; it bore the fruit that might have been expected.—His home was no longer the centre of attraction to Henry. His tavern companions were gay, good humored and attractive, and he left the fireside of his own mansion, which no longer wood him as zealously and powerfully as the ale-house club, of which he was very soon the centre and life.—The second error was committed.

Though unseen by their friends, a dark cloud now brooded over the fortunes of our young

couple. It gathered blackness until perceptible to every eye; and when it burst carried ruin and desolation with it. Driven to the dangerous company of dissipated, fashionable men, Henry contracted all their habits; he became a drunkard and a gambler. The domestic circle was deserted, and its obligations forgotten. Mary met her husband's harshness and faithlessness with reproaches and bitterness; they both began in error, and continued so. These occasioned loud, and long, and violent collisions; a fearful example was thus set before their children, who grew up disobedient, violent and passionate. And though for many years the impending bolt of ruin was stayed, just above their heads, at last it sped.

Henry died a lingering and awful death. His estate was found to be insolvent; his children grew up to ruin; and Mary the once beautiful and enchanting Mary Conway, ended her life in poverty and obscurity. Thus fatal in its direct and natural consequences was an error; a single error; the offspring rather of accident than intention. I leave the moral for others to trace out and apply.

#### FROM THE LONDON NEW TIMES. LETTERS FROM NAPLES.

Extract of a letter dated Naples, March, 1825.

I have made an excursion to Pompeii. The ruins of this Roman city, overwhelmed by eruptions from Mount Vesuvius, and laid open by excavations, now stand exposed to view, at least a considerable part of it. There are perfect streets paved with lava, worn into ruts by the wheels of the ancient carriages. On each side are footways—houses and shops in uninterrupted succession, the walls of many of them yet ornamented with paintings, in stucco, which, after a lapse of upwards of 1700 years, exhibit a freshness most surprising. On the walls of a temple to Venus, I remarked some figures in fresco, that at a distance, seemed almost to step. But the principal part of these paintings have, by an operation, been taken from the walls and removed to the Museum of Portico, built on the ruins of Herculaneum, where they are exposed to view; but which, at present, I shall decline attempting to describe, although the examination afforded me much gratification. They are considered inestimable.

At Pompeii are yet to be seen, in most dilapidated state truly, the Pantheon, the Forum, temples to various deities, the immense amphitheatre, on the arena of which gladiators or condemned criminals combated with wild beasts; the places of confinement for each are yet evident, opening into the Circus; at the view and recollection, I feel an involuntary shuddering come over me.

We entered the house of Sallust the historian—were shown the vapor and other baths—and were conducted through subterraneous vaults, where large jars, supposed for containing wines, were filled with ashes and encrusted with the sides of the vaults and each other.

On leaving the gate of Pompeii—for we entered at one and traversed this excavated City—we found ourselves among the tombs, and beheld the urns therein that received the ashes of the dead. We were shown one as that of Cicero, but I rather doubted the correctness of our Cicerone. I descended into the ruins of Herculaneum with a guide and torches.—The theatre must have been of an immense size, for the orchestra is 110 feet wide—more than that of the Grand Opera House (St. Carlos) here. Great part of the excavations have been filled up to support the town of Portico, which, as just mentioned, is built on the lava which engulfed Herculaneum, and which is hidden and unknown for ages; at last discovered in perforating the lava, to sink a well.

Some of the finest pieces of sculpture have been transported from the ruins of these ancient cities to the Neapolitan Museum, which form a most superb collection of antiquities, statues, equestrian and pedestrials, in marble and in bronze, and busts of the most exquisite workmanship. Amongst them is a Hercules of gigantic bulk. I passed a forenoon in viewing them. The galleries of paintings and the library, where are preserved several Greek manuscripts recorded, searched almost to tinder, yet legible. There were crowds of strangers, from various countries, but the proportion of English the greatest.

The churches here are very grand; that dedicated to St. Januarius, the patron of the city, remarkably so; and certainly, from his very useful interposition and services on various occasions, he merits the highest reverence and religious honors. In this cathedral is a painting, representing the Saint descending with a host of angelic warriors from Heaven in chariots putting to route, and utterly dismay the Turks, when they, at a distant day, assaulted Naples. The celestial costume, and that of the turbanned Mahometans, form a singular contrast.

The priest showed a tomb of most superb and rich workmanship, where repose the bones of this Saint. He added that the church preserves a portion of his blood, which, once a year, on a certain day, miraculously becomes ignited, emitting from the place of its sacred deposit a lambent flame, to the astonishment and delight of true believers.

Naples, July 29, 1825.

Recent excavations at Pompeii have brought to light some of the most interesting objects hitherto discovered in that extraordinary place. They are a dwelling house which, from the nature of its paintings, &c., is called "La casa del poeta dramático;" a complete public bath; a marble statue, resembling the statues of Cicero; a large bronze equestrian statue, supposed to be of the emperor Nero; and sundry small articles.

The "casa poetica" in its commodious distribution, in the elegance of its decorations, and in its neat finish throughout, is perhaps superior to any of the disinterred houses, neat and elegant as they nearly all are. At the threshold is prettily delineated, in mosaic, the figure of a house dog, on guard, with the words "cave canem" (beware of the dog) under it. Another beautiful piece of mosaic, representing a female performing on the Tivoli, an old man producing the tragic masks, and two actors preparing to play, is inserted in another part of the marble pavement. The best of the painting on the walls is a little composition of a poet, or actor, reciting, from a manuscript, to an attentive and lovely audience of three females. In a bed-chamber is depicted one of those gross scenes so frequently met with in the decorations of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

In the public bath every thing is complete; it looks as if it had been abandoned but the other day. There are the four chambers as required by the ancient Romans in these establishments: the hypocaustum, or furnace, the warm bath, the cold bath, and the vapor bath, besides the room, which served as a wardrobe, the lobby for loiterers, or such as expected their turn to bathe, and the portico for walking in. These Bainaria, are highly ornamented in all their parts, even within the furnace room: the ceilings and walls are covered with beautiful stucco work, and the floors are laid with marble of different colors and mosaic pictures. The roof of the chamber of the cold bath is a dome with an aperture in its centre to admit light: the bath is beneath the level of the pave-

ment; it is about twenty feet square and lined with white marble. In the chamber of the warm bath is a white marble *cocca*, round the brim of which are inset in letters of bronze, the name and quality of the donor, and the sum it costs him: and in the vapor bath are some long bronze stools with similar inscriptions. A large bronze brazier stands in the lobby, just as it did when the ancient inhabitants of Pompeii, frequenting the baths, warmed themselves over its charcoal fire.

Several *strigiles*, (a rough sort of flesh brush, used by the ancients after the bath,) were picked up, and now enrich the collection of the Royal Museum, which almost receives a daily tribute from these curious excavations.

The baths correspond in size rather to the smallness of the private houses than to the magnitude of the public edifices and the population of the city: but every house of superior order had baths within its own walls, and there were probably other public ones in the town.

The improper conduct of the most of the visitors to Pompeii, deserves severe reprobation; they are eager to carry away with them a piece of marble, or *touche* or mosaic, and to satisfy this puerile desire they break and spoil whatever they can; they must give a puny immortality to their unmeaning names, *forsooth*; and to commemorate their visit to Pompeii, by scratching and defacing its walls, which, by a wonderful process of nature, have been reserved so many centuries for curiosity and admiration. The tasteless, the beautiful, stuccoes of the temple of Isis, and, indeed, of most of the remarkable edifices, are garbled over and defiled by such classic inscriptions as "Jos. Brown, London, March 12, 1824;" "Achilles Grosjean, Paris;" "Nathaniel Rice, United States," &c., &c.; and it is to be expected that in a few years the indefatigability of these barbarians will despoil this interesting city of half its charms. A consequent grievance, and increasing one is, that the directors of the excavations to prevent these dilapidations, have put innumerable things under lock and key, and the visitor has the inconvenience of waiting for the respective *Custodi*, and of putting his hand to his pocket. God knows how often, in the course of his walk through the town.

Signor Crescentini, the once celebrated *Murice*, has been appointed *Maestro di Canto* (singing master) to the Conservatory of Music at Naples. This establishment has been for many years in a deplorable state, and it is hoped that his fine taste and talents may have a beneficial influence upon it. He has published here *Six Arias* of his composition; they are all rich in beauty; one of them, "Non è la bella rosa," is an exquisite piece of pathos and melody and is in every body's mouth. As Crescentini has sent copies to the Duchess of Hamilton, and to some other English virtuosi, I suppose his *Arias* will be soon known among you.

Religious!—Four persons were lately brought before the Mayor of Ceret, in France, for eating mutton on Saturday! The public prosecutor demanded that they should each be fined 300 francs, and imprisoned for one year! The court did not impose the penalty, but directed that the criminals should pay the costs of the prosecution! Both parties appealed, and the result was, that the mutton-eaters on a Saturday, were relieved of the costs.

The Paris papers also give us the following evidence of priestly religion:

On Sunday the 12th of June, 1825, M. B. curate of the commune of Blois, department of Loir-et-Cher, after having merely read the pastoral letter of the Bishop, which prescribed prayers of thanksgiving on account of the coronation of his Majesty Charles X. addressed his parishioners as follows:—

"My dear brethren, as Charles the 10th is not a Christian; as he wishes to support the charter, which is a law contrary to religion, we ought not to pray for him any more than Louis 18th, who was the author of this charter."

"They are both DAMNED. Let those who are of my opinion rise."

Immediately two-thirds of the congregation, amounting to two or three hundred, rose to signify their approbation.

The curate will be called to an account by his superiors.

[\* Because it tolerates protestants of every sect.

Ed.]

From the Charleston Courier.

THE NEW COMET.

The expectation of Encke's comet about this time has led many to identify that now visible in the constellation *Taurus* with it, but such we believe is not the case.

The late unfavorable state of the weather, and the presence of the Moon, have contributed to prevent any accurate series of observations being made, but enough has been determined to develop the most prominent circumstances attending it.

It is without doubt the same which was observed by the Marseilles astronomer on the 26th July last, at that time invisible to the naked eye, and consequently beyond the orbit of Jupiter.

On the 13th September it was distinctly visible to the naked eye at Charleston; from which circumstance we would infer that it had then passed within Jupiter's orbit. At both these times of observation it was in Taurus, having moved only from the neck to the shoulder, crossing the ecliptic in about 60° or 61° of longitude; therefore it must have its ascending node near that point. We also discover from these data that the inclination of its orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, does not vary materially from 46° and that it is approaching the sun, moving retrograde or contrary to the order of the signs. After its conjunction with the Earth and Sun, [which took place several days since,] it will be seen to move off rapidly in a S. W. direction.

Dr. Bowditch observes in speaking of Encke's comet, that in 1813 it appeared tolerably bright, and a nucleus was several times observed, but no appearance of a tail. In 1801 it appeared as a star of the fourth magnitude with a nucleus and very faint tail 2 1/2 deg. in length. In 1795 it was about 3 minutes in diameter, not well defined, without any tail or nucleus.

These observations are given to show the dissimilarity between the two; for we all know that the new one, has a tail extending five or six degrees, if not more. But this is not the only dissimilarity. Encke's moves direct, this retrograde: the node of Encke's is 334 deg. 33 min.; this about 60 deg.

J. C.

"Newton concludes, that when they disappear, they are much beyond the orbit of Jupiter."

COMETS. The *Nantucket Inquirer* of the 10th inst. says, "there are now two visible—one bearing southerly at 10 P.M., and the other appears in the zenith at the same hour. The latter is scarcely distinguishable by the naked eye—and from its situation, the train or tail cannot be easily discerned."

#### FOREIGN.

##### LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the ship George Clinton, Capt. Lawson, which arrived at New-York, on Saturday 8th inst. from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 28th August, the following items of intelligence were received:

In the article from Constantinople, the French and the English are spoken of as having interfered between the belligerents, and the conduct of our own countrymen described as having given great offence to the Turks, as will be seen from the following extracts:

Constantinople, July 25.

"The accounts from the Morea continue to be favorable for the Porte. Ibrahim Pacha, whose attempt on the Mills at Napoli di Romania would probably have succeeded, had not the English and French assisted the Greeks, had indeed retired to Tripolizza; but immediately after joined Hussein Bey, who landed with reinforcements at Navarino. Whatever the friends of the Greeks may say, it is most likely that he has since resumed offensive operations. Meantime, the part which, during his attempt at Napoli di Romania, was taken by the English Commander stationed there, is very remarkable, and is said to have led the Porte to make bitter complaints, through the Reis Efendi, to the British legation here. It is stated that the above mentioned British Commander had not only encouraged the Greeks to defend themselves on that occasion, but even distributed provisions among their troops. Unauthenticated reports even made the citadel of Napoli di Romania to be formally occupied by the English. These accounts give rise to various reflections, and many persons begin to think that England will at length take an active part in favor of the insurgents."

"The *Swabian Mercury* says, the unexpected appearance of the Captain Pacha near Cape Papa, at the entrance of the Gulf of Patras, has produced a great change in the situation of affairs in Western Greece. It appears that the Greek Admiral, Nonza, who commanded a naval division on the shores of Etolia and Albaia, did not receive advice of the approach of the Ottoman fleet till it appeared off the coast; for he immediately quitted his station without even waiting for vessels of the smallest dimensions to join him. It is said his object was to re-unite himself to one of the Greek squadrons, which cruise off the southern shores of the Morea. The Turkish ships have entered the Gulf of Patras, the small Greek ships have been obliged to take refuge in the Gulf of Corinth.

"Immediately after his arrival the Captain Pacha caused the two Generals, Jussuf Pacha and Redschid Pacha, to be invited by the officers of his staff to a conference in the Admiral's ship. This conference took place some days afterwards, and it is said that the three Commanders in Chief then determined on the new plan of offensive operations against the Greeks. The troops of Redschid Pacha have already received orders to re-enter Etolia, and again to lay siege to Missolonghi."

SPAIN.—The *Moniteur* of August 24th contains a long decree of King Ferdinand, suppressing all the military and permanent Executive Commissions which were established in all the capital towns of the Kingdom, and the Balearic Islands, by the decree of Jan. 1824.

General Miranda, who distinguished himself in dispersing the troops of Riego, is appointed second in command of the Island of Cuba.

Our opposition Journals, mortified by the rise in the funds, endeavor to circulate false news. For some days they proclaimed that French troops were about to enter Spain. The *Journal des Débats* gives out that Spain is raising her provincial militia—that France is forming a camp at the foot of the Pyrenees—that England is strengthening herself on the Tagus and that such great preparations have for their object the recognition of South America. These papers have no regard to truth—what they desire is war somewhere, but we can assure their readers, that the political horizon never presented an aspect so calm as at present, and so many pledges of its continuance. The camps of Bayonne and Perpignan are but camps of exercise.—The Spaniards have collected no troops but for the Ferrol expedition—and the English station on the Tagus has not been reinforced.—*Etolia*.

On the 20th and 30th of July, Madrid was visited with a dreadful thunderstorm, which continued sixteen hours, and destroyed the crops of grain and the fruit within a circle of seven leagues round the capital. The damage is estimated at several millions of reals, and wheat had in consequence advanced three or four reals per fanega.

We have before noticed the continual exportation of the precious metals from the country. We hear that there has been exported to the continent, from the port of Dover alone, very near \$90,000. in gold and silver, within the last three months! Within the same brief space, there has been exported from London, the enormous sum of \$2,630,000. If this continues, and there is every probability of it, the sight of a sovereign will soon be as great a curiosity as a guinea was in 1812. As the gold disappears, out will come the paper money, and up will go the price of agricultural produce, to the ruin of the manufacturer.

Hamburg papers received on Friday, to the 12th, and Dutch to the 10th instant, bring a variety of miscellaneous intelligence. Under date of Hanover, August 10, we find an account of a remarkable earthquake which occurred in that city. On the 29th July, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the earth sunk in and left a large opening in the district of Barlis, in Germany; it is 100 feet in diameter, and continues to enlarge. It cannot be seen how deep it is; but stones being thrown in, a noise is heard after the lapse of a minute, and some sound as if they had fallen into water.

N.Y. States.

SOUTH AMERICA. The Peruvian Government has promulgated a decree ordering the confiscation of all Spanish property which may be introduced into that country, whatever may be the flag under which it may be introduced. Also all vessels, with their cargoes, in which Spanish merchandise may be found, four months after the date of the decree. General Bolívar, at Arequipa, May 16th, issued a decree, which is commented on in the *Buenos Ayres Argus* as a violent attack upon the rights of the four provinces of Upper Peru. In this decree he orders that the General Assembly of the Provinces shall meet conformably with the order of the Grand Marshal of Ayacucho, General Sucre, to express freely their wishes upon their interests and government; and that the deliberations of this assembly shall have no efficacy until the installation of the new Congress of Peru the next year—that in the mean time the four provinces shall remain subject to the immediate authority of the Grand Marshal of Ayacucho, General-in-Chief of the Liberating Army—that the resolution of the Congress of Peru of the 23d of February last, shall be fully carried into effect—and that the Provinces of Upper Peru shall acknowledge no other centre of authority now, nor until the installation of the next Peruvian Congress, than the Supreme Government of the Peruvian Republic.—*Boston States*.

Mysterious AFFAIR. About three weeks since, as a young man was at work, cutting corn stalks, in the North Meadow, he picked up a fine cotton russet shirt, the collar of which was considerably sprinkled with blood. It was however, carried home; and, although the circumstance excited some surprise, it soon was forgotten.

Last week, on Monday, one of the same family commenced gathering corn in the same field, when he found there was such a stench in one part of it, that it was impossible for him to proceed—he therefore went in search of the cause, and to his surprise, he found, at a short distance from where the shirt was picked up, a dead horse! The horse was white, and apparently had been a very fine one, and well

shod all round, which was strange to see from the fact that he had evidently been drawn by a team, and had broken his neck. Some unknown person had evidently committed this act.

At Basseterre, Gaudaloupe, the gale was terribly severe. "Of 900 houses in the town of Basseterre, scarcely 10 have been spared—3/5ths of the number have been completely thrown down, and the rest, more or less damaged in the walls or the roofs. All the public buildings have been destroyed or materially injured. Whole families have perished. The number of victims to this awful catastrophe, amount to more than 150 of every condition and color."

If Grand-Terre it is stated in a paper—"We also suffered some losses, but slight in comparison with those which have afflicted, and will continue to afflict Basseterre. We have not experienced the sudden transition from riches and ease to absolute want, nor have we been deprived of the common comforts of this life; and above all, we have not been afflicted with the sight of dead bodies of our friends and relatives, lying buried and disfigured under the ruins of their once opulent houses. Thanks be unto Divine Providence for having preserved us from so many disasters, and afforded us the pleasing satisfaction of being able to render assistance to our unhappy brothers at Basseterre; an assistance which their deplorable situation loudly called for, and which, if it did not bring complete and effectual compensation for their losses, has at least been the means of alleviating their sufferings."

"Already has the town of Point-a-Pitre been enabled, by an appeal to its inhabitants of all classes, to afford unto Basseterre its first and slight proof of the interest she takes in her misfortunes. May the offerings be multiplied in proportion to the need, and may the kind and compassionate, find in that universal satisfaction which invariably accompanies good actions, the worthy reward of their generous conduct."

The *Dominica Chronicle* of the 3d August, states: "In our last, we were unable to give a statement of the late Gale in and about our own neighborhood. Since which time we have received distressing accounts from the northern parts of this Island; particularly in and about Prince Rupert's and La Soye. Mills, works and dwellings are destroyed, canes lodged or torn up, Coffee Estates almost deprived of both of old and young plants, some pieces completely washed away, and their buildings blown down, are among the heavy calamities occasioned by this afflicting visitation of Providence. Negro houses and grounds laid waste, plantain walks ruined, fruit and other trees destroyed, and the country round those parts looking as though a fire had gone through and blasted it, makes the finale of this devastating gale. Indeed we may also add, that there is not an estate in the whole Island but what has had its plain trees blown down. The Garrison at Prince Rupert's, is in a deplorable state from the quarters and King's Store Houses being unroofed. The ship Vandal, Martin, laden with bricks, belonging to government, is a complete wreck. The brig Trial, Capt. Harry, though driven on shore, and dismasted, will, it is likely, get off by unloading."

"On Friday evening, put into Prince Rupert's in distress, the Spanish Lugger, Guardian Angel, laden with wine, brandy and oil, captured off the coast of Spain by the Colombian Privateer, El Vencedor, Captain Brotherton, seven hands on board, Green, master. The provisions which were put on board when she commenced her voyage, consisted of 2 cwt. of bread, 50 lb. of pork, and 60 gallons of water only. She suffered much in her rigging; the crew sickly and almost exhausted from fatigue and privation. She is charged with despatches for Porto Cabello, and was during the late gale."

"Martinique also has had its share of the calamity. If the gale was so severe as to wreck 4 vessels at St. Pierre's

shod all round, with steel-pointed shoes, one of which was marked F. It must have been a strange horse, as there has been none missed from the neighborhood of this description; it had evidently been led there, and killed on the spot, as there was no track of its having been drawn there; there was a halter round its neck. Search was made, but nothing further could be discovered. It is to be feared that some unwary traveller has suffered by the hands of an assassin. The above are all the particulars we are able to collect at present.—*Ib.*

**SWINDLING.** The last *Concord Gazette & Yeoman*, mentions that one Abel W. Wilgish had been brought to that town, examined and committed to jail, on various charges of fraud, &c. He is said to be the personage who lately figured in Boston as a Lottery Broker, under the name of H. Clark, at No. 70, Market-street, from whence he issued flaming placards and advertisements of chances in the *Maryland* and *Rhode Island Grand State Lotteries*; and with which he sent agents to all the neighboring public houses, and it is added, was enabled to raise the wind to the amount of several thousand dollars!—(this we think is an exaggeration.)—After a short career, his bottom having been scrutinized by a regular Broker, he fled from the city, purchased a horse at Cambridgeport, (paying in his paper,) proceeded to Concord, and from thence to Stow, where he left his horse, and where it was found by its owner. He was soon after overtaken, and committed for trial. It is added, that he had followed a similar calling in Vermont, where his career was much longer, and his gains greater, than in this vicinity. He will probably take his trial before the Supreme Court which commenced a term in Cambridge on Tuesday of last week.—*B. Cent.*

**CRIMES.** On Thursday of last week a trunk was stolen from on board a vessel in Providence, which contained Thirty-five Hundred Dollars, all of *Providence Eagle Bank*, together with a Gold Watch, and a Pocket Book.—A trunk containing \$600 in gold coins, three watches, and other valuable articles, belonging to David Gelston, Esq. of N. York, was stolen from his carriage a few days since.—On the 1st inst. the store of Mr. Wm. W. Phelps, of Cortland village, (N. Y.) was broken open, robbed, and set on fire and consumed. Loss estimated at \$3000.—*Ib.*

**RAPE.** At the late term of the Supreme Judicial Court in Worcester County, Horace Carter, was convicted of a rape, committed on the body of a female aged *seventy-eight years!* an inmate of the Alms-house in Brookfield; which he broke open in the night, and in which there were two other aged females.—*Ib.*

[He was sentenced to be Hung.]

**DARING OUTRAGE.** Last week one James Williams, a black, was examined before a bench of Justices of the Peace, in Plymouth, (Mass.) on the charge of having broken into the house of Mr. Nathaniel Bartlett, in that town, entering the room where two young females were in bed, and assaulting one of them. Mr. B. awoke by the cries for help of the females, proceeded to the room, passed a man at the door, and put his hand on the naked body of another man, who was leaning over the bed in which the girls were.—A scuffle ensued, in which the man escaped; and after search, the prisoner was found under a blacksmith's shop, about 60 yards from the house.—When found he had his clothes on, but in disorder. He was committed for trial in May next.—*Ib.*

**FIRE.** The stables attached to Clarke's public house in Providence, (one of which was occupied by the Boston and Providence Citizens' Coach Company,) were destroyed by fire on the 10th inst. with a number of contiguous out-buildings. The horses and carriages were all saved.—*Ib.*

**Fire at Frederickton, (N. B.)** On the 19th ult. the Government-House of Frederickton, was consumed by fire. The fire commenced on the roof. The furniture, papers, &c. of the Lt. Governor, (Sir Howard Douglas, who was then on a visit to the State of Maine,) were saved.—*Ib.*

**Fonteney's LAST FROLIC.** The New-York Commercial Advertiser of Tuesday evening, 11th inst. gives an account of a very singular frolic of Dame Fortune. It appears that a person was prosecuted for debt who had nothing to pay the bill but with three tickets in the last Literature Lottery. These he tendered to the constable, but not being lawfully tender, he refused them. The tickets, however, were finally taken, and delivered over to the creditor. The creditor to reward the vigilance of the bailiff for his success, offered him one of the tickets. But Mr. Nabem, not liking the ticket offered him, wished to have one of the others, which the creditor allowed him. When the lottery drew it turned out that the ticket offered the bailiff drew twenty-five thousand dollars, the highest prize, while the one he chose drew a blank. Thus, 25,000 which rightly belonged to the poor debtor, was pocketed by his niggardly and rich creditor, and he left destitute. We must quote the rest of the tale. The Com. Adr. says, "But the best of the tale is yet untold, and will probably be so for a few days to come. But we confidently anticipate the pleasure of announcing, within a day or two, the agreeable fact, that the holder of the prize ticket, (we have his name,) has generously sent the poor man, whose fortune was thus wronged from him by the iron hand of the law, a check for one half the amount of the prize. The act will not make him 'poor' but it will make a poor family 'rich indeed.'—*Boston States.*

Maj. Elijah P. Goodrich, who figured so largely in 1816, in the Sham Robbery affair, has been arrested for damages recovered against him by Mr. E. Pearson, for false accusation and malicious prosecution, to the amount of \$3000. Maj. Goodrich having satisfied Mr. Pearson that four hundred dollars was all he had ability to pay, and having acknowledged the baseness of his conduct and implored forgiveness, Mr. P. accepted the \$400 and let the poor devil go.—*Ib.*

## THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1825.

**COURT OF SESSIONS.**—This Court commenced its October Term in this village, on Tuesday of last week, and closed at noon, the day following. The Court was held by Justices CHASE and STOWELL, Justice TURNER having resigned. There was but little business before the Court, and some of that could not be disposed of on account of the vacancy existing on the Bench.

**FIRE.**—We have heard of considerable damage done by this destructive element, during a week or two past. In this and the neighboring towns, much timber, wood, fence, and other property has been destroyed. In the County of Penobscot, we learn, that many buildings have been burnt, and property to a large amount consumed.

**ACCIDENT.**—A Mr. Elijah Walker, while engaged in polishing a saw, in a Clapboard Machine, at Cheshire's Mills in Livermore, had his arm brought in contact with some of the machinery, and was lacerated in a shocking manner; it has since been amputated.

**SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.**—We learn from the *Boston Sentinel*, that during the President's visit to that city, several of the "Old Soldiers" waited on him at his levee, at the Exchange, and informed him that they were deprived of the bounty of their country, being unwilling to take the *pauper oath*. This statement was made in writing; and the President informed them, that their representation should be duly considered.—Would it not be well for the Soldiers of the Revolution who reside in *Maine*, possessing too much independence of mind to say they are *paupers*, to unite in petitioning Congress, at the approaching Session, for a revision of the Pension law, that they may participate in the bounty of their country? Let all such as live in a Congressional district, unite in a petition, and forward it by their respective Representatives. If their petition could not be granted, the expense would be small; but we are inclined to think, were they to lay their case before our next Congress, in its proper light, it would be attended to; and certainly this is an favorable opportunity as they could wish. The Soldiers of several States, have already united by States, in making a representation of this kind; and we hope the survivors in our State, who spent the prime of their life in that long and sanguinary struggle, which established the liberties and independence we now enjoy, and prize so highly, will not fail for the want of a little exertion, to put themselves in the way to obtain some little remuneration which Government may, at this time, be disposed to give them.

**EXECUTIVE APPOINTMENTS.**

Nathaniel Mitchell, Esq. of Portland, one of the Managers of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal Lottery, in room of John Mahan, resigned.

*For the County of Cumberland.*  
Robert D. Dunning, Brunswick, one of the Standing Committee on Roads.

*For the County of Washington.*  
Alexander Nichols, Steuben, Associate Justice of the Court of Sessions.

*For the County of Oxford.*  
Stephen Chase, Fryeburg, Chief Justice of the Court of Sessions.

James Starr, Jun. Jay, Associate Justice of the Court of Sessions.

*For the County of Somerset.*  
Ephraim Getchell, Bloomfield, Associate Justice of the Court of Sessions.

*For the County of Penobscot.*  
Rufus Gilmore, Newburg, one of the Standing Committee on Roads.

We understand that the Council has adjourned to meet again on Tuesday the 29th of November next.

**MASONIC NOTICE.**

At a Regular Communication of *Somerset Lodge*, held at Mason's Hall, in Milburn, Me., Sept. 25th, A. L. 5825,

Major BENJAMIN ADAMS, late of Norridgewock, was unanimously expelled from said Lodge, for immoral and unmasonic conduct.

Per order, EBEN. H. NEIL, Sec'y.

At a Special Meeting of *Somerset Lodge*, held at Mason's Hall, in Milburn, Me., Aug. 30th, A. L. 5824,

Elder JOHN WAGG, late of Milburn, was unanimously expelled from said Lodge, for immoral and unmasonic conduct.

Per order, EBEN. H. NEIL, Sec'y.

**MARRIED.**

At the Friends' Meeting-house in Durham, on the 29th ult. Elijah and Reuben Cole, twin-brothers, China, to Elizabeth and Mary Jones, twin-sisters, and daughters of Edward Jones of Brunswick.

At Blackburn, (Eng.) John Clegg, aged 72, who has been blind for upwards of ten years, to Jane Ainsworth, (who is deaf as a post,) aged 52 years. This is the fourth time the sprightly bridegroom has appeared at the altar of Hymen, and the bride's third engagement in conubial bliss.—*Liverpool pap.*

**DIED.**

In Bethel, on Saturday the 8th inst., Mr. Joseph Quint, in the 80th year of his age.—The deceased was a sharer in the toils of the Revolution. He was present at the taking of Burgoyne, and many other scenes of bloodshed. After the close of the Revolution, he settled in the town of Sanford, (York County,) where he lived a kind neighbor, and affectionate father, until the fore part of this season, when he was taken sick while visiting his friends in Bethel, and after languishment of ninety days, gave up his immortal part to Him who gave it.

In Upton, (N. H.) Mr. Pelatiah Clement, aged 76 years.

In Norridgewock, Mr. Moriah Gould, a soldier of the revolution, aged 71.

In Monmouth, on the 8th instant, Major Benjamin White, aged 65 years. He was buried with masonic honors.

At his residence in Alton, (N. H.) Mr. John Drew, in the 85th year of his age.—An honest man's the noblest work of God.—For philanthropy, benevolence and hospitality, he was excelled by few—for integrity, sincerity and honesty, by none. He was the fourth in lineal descent from William Drew, one of the first settlers of N. Hampshire; his age with those of his father and grandfather, count upwards of two hundred and sixty years.

**BOOKS & STATIONARY.**

CONSTANTLY on hand, and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, SCHOOL BOOKS, of all kinds, usual in this section of the State, which will be sold wholesale or retail, on the most favorable terms, for CASH, good clean RAGS, or CREDIT. Traders can be supplied with all Books wanted for Schools, on as good terms as elsewhere. —Also—

Every STATIONERY ARTICLE usually wanted.

CLASSICAL AND OTHER BOOKS

on good terms.

—SOCIAL LIBRARIES supplied as usual.

OCT. 20.

**WANTED.**

A FEW live HEDGE HOGS, for which a reasonable price will be given, if delivered at this Office.

4w 87

Cumberland and Oxford Canal

Lottery,

Fifth Class.

AT THIS CLASS,

WILL POSITIVELY DRAW

ON SATURDAY

the 29th instant,

When DAME FORTUNE will distribute her favors

as follows, viz.—

3000 Dollars !!!

1000 Dollars !!!

400 Dollars !

AND LOTS OF

\$100—\$50—\$20

and smaller sums.

AT FOR A Chance in her SMILES make immediate application to the

OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

Price: WHOLE \$1.50—QUARTERS \$1.25.

Paris, Oct. 20.

AT CHEAP! CHEAP! AT CHEAP!

THE subscriber has yet on hand a few GOODS—which he is selling off at very Reduced Prices. People in want of any articles will now find it for their interest to purchase—as he is about closing his business in ENGLISH & DOMESTIC GOODS.

Oct. 20. ASA BARTON, Agent.

European, India & American GOODS.

GEORGE HILL,

COURT-STREET.....PORTLAND,

HAS just received a large and extensive as-

sortment of

Fall and Winter Goods,

AT VERY CHEAP FOR CASH.

N. B.—Homespun Cloths taken in exchange for Goods.

Oct. 13.—67

NOTICE.

AT THE PROBATE COURT, this day to be held on November next, stands adjourned to Tuesday the first day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon: All matters and things pending in said Court shall be continued, have day, and be heard on the day last adjourned.

Per order of the Judge.

THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

Probate Office, Paris, Oct. 11, 1825.

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Further Notice

OF THE

TYROCINIC ADELPHI.

MEMBERS of the Tyrocinic Adelphi and others;

are notified that the Anniversary of the Society which was to be celebrated on the 19th of October, current, deferred till Wednesday, the 2d day of November next, on account of the failure of the expected Orator. At half past nine o'clock A. M. the Society will move in procession to the Meeting-house, in this vicinity, where an Oration will be pronounced by Brother SIMEON PERKINS, A. M. Preceptor of this Academy. Per order.

LEANDER S. TRIPP, Secretary.

Hebron Academy, 8th Oct. 1825.

67

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

LAST in going from NATHANIEL SEGAR's, in Bethel, a Calf-skin POCKET BOOK—containing Seventy-two Dollars in Bank Bills, and two Notes of Hand, payable to the subscriber: Whoever will return the same, shall receive the above reward.

JOHN SEGAR.

Bethel, Oct. 1st, 1825.

66

NOTICE.

ALL persons who are indebted to the subscriber, are requested to make payment to Enoch LINCOLN, Esq., on or before the tenth day of October; or their Accounts will be sued without any further notice.

ALDEN FULLER.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1825.

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of Sessions, next to be held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October A. D. 1825.

THE subscriber respectfully represents, that it is of public convenience and necessity, that a County Road or Highway, be established from the southern line of Township numbered Four in the First Range, where Matahalie's Brook, so called, intersects the said line; thence through a part of Township Lettered C. to the line of Andover North Surplus; thence through said Surplus, along Black Brook; thence through a part of Township numbered Eight; thence to the north line of Andover; thence through a part of the town of Andover, along Black Brook, to where it intersects the Coos Road, so called; all in the said County of Oxford.

Therefore your Petitioner prays that said Road may be established according to law, and that said Road, so far as it lays in said Andover Surplus and Township Lettered C., may be laid out and made at the expense of the proprietors of the same, and that an assessment may be made by your Honors, on their land, being unincorporated places, and also on Plantation numbered Eight, at so much per acre, as you may judge necessary, and that all measures requisite by law, may be adopted to effectuate this said Petition.

GEORGE F. RICHARDSON.

Copy Attest, R. K. GOODENOUGH, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.

Court of Sessions,—October Term, A. D. 182

## POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

### THE GRAVE-YARD.

Why loves my soul on yonder spot to dwell,  
Where noble stones, of death and sorrow tell?  
Why do I love to linger round the tomb,  
When ev'ning shrouds the earth in holy gloom?  
From yonder tombs no cheering voice I hear,  
But all is silent, desolate and drear:  
Silent, save when they echo to the tread  
Of some bereaved mourner of the dead,  
Who seeks, like me, her bursting heart's relief,  
In the sad luxury of private grief.  
Ah! in the bosom of that peaceful vale,  
Shelter'd by mountains from the stormy gale,  
Where spring her earl'st chaplet loves to weave,  
And earl'st on the wither'd flow'r's to breathe—  
There lie the friends who once my cares beguil'd;  
Sigh'd, when I sigh'd, when I was happy, smile'd;  
Who strove to guide my feet in virtue's way,  
(In error's paths were ever prone to stray.)  
Rebuk'd in love, forgave my follies too;  
Forever faithful and forever true.

There—there lies one from earl'st childhood  
Known,  
Whose joys and sorrows ever were my own;  
With her I sported many a playful hour  
Before we felt Affliction's deadly power;  
And when in riper years we tasted grief,  
We found in sympathy a sweet relief.  
Green be the sod that presses on thy head,  
Moist with the tears by faithful friendship shed:  
These eyes for thee, shall ne'er forget to weep  
Till death shall close them in eternal sleep.  
Sweetly thou sleep'st within thy narrow bed,  
Though cold the cloths that pillow thy poor head.  
The howling tempests pass unheeded by—  
Thine eyes have ceased to weep, thy heart to sigh;  
Nor grief, nor passion, lurks within thy breast,  
To wound thy spirit or disturb thy rest.

The moon-beams rest upon thy verdant grave;  
The wild flow'r's gently o'er thy ashes wave;  
And the mild zephyrs seem to whisper round,  
"Peace—peace to her that sleeps beneath this mound."

O! when shall I, from pain and sorrow free,  
Lay down my aching head and sleep like thee!  
When shall my spirit gain its wish'd release,  
And I be gather'd to my friends in peace!

Perhaps I'm doom'd for many years to mourn:  
Strangers, perhaps, will close my dying eyes,  
And watch my bosom heave its latest sigh;  
With tearless eye consign me to the dust,  
Nor raise a stone to mark my place of rest.

But oh! may pure Religion's hallow'd ray,  
Dispel the gloom that hovers o'er my way—  
Scatter the darkness of the vale of death,  
And cheer my spirit when I yield my breath:  
Then, though no friends should hover o'er my bed,  
And no fond breast sustain my aching head,  
Cheerful I'll bow when Heaven's high mandate's given,  
And my rejoicing spirit mount to Heaven.

THEODOSIA.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

I've watch'd till I am sick at heart,  
He promised me that he would come to-night.  
He said, (what need to promise,) ere the moon  
Had gain'd the summit of yon pine-tops hill  
He'd meet me at our Cottage; yet he comes not.  
Not a shadowy form has pass'd along,  
But I have watch'd with keenest interest;  
Not a footstep has broke the still of night,  
But it has sounded to my beating heart,  
And set the blood in motion on my cheeks.  
But all pass'd by, whistling their cheerful notes,  
As though in mockery of my sadness.  
He must be well, for Margaret saw him,  
As the sun went down, at Farmer Beckman's.  
He was not wont to keep his promise thus.  
Must I believe then what the world has told,  
That he is false, and seeks another bride?  
Oh! there is more than madness in the thought!  
If there is treachery in a heart like his,  
Farewell to confidence on this side heaven.  
Did I but love him less I could endure it;  
But his bright image is so closely twin'd  
With ev'ry thought of happiness on earth,  
That they cannot be parted. In my dreams  
Fancy could paint no lovely scene of joy  
Where Henry stood not in the foreground.  
Did he know the pang his falsehood costs me—  
He shall not know—I'll school my pallid cheek;  
I'll teach my stoic eye that it shall tell  
No tale of my affection. Does he think  
That I should plead, and weep, and sigh, and beg,  
And try by any little, woman-arts,  
To shake his better purpose!—If he does,  
He little knows this proud—proud heart of mine.  
Methinks I could stand by and gaily smile  
To see him wed another. But well I feel  
I would not be that light smile of happiness,  
Which plays on th' lip, and dances in the eye,  
And lightens to the heart; but such a one—  
Hark! there are foot-steps coming—They have pass'd—  
Be still my beating heart.

The moon has climb'd above the tallest trees:  
It is a lovely evening. Many times  
We've set and watch'd that moon together;  
And he has told me of his cares and toils;  
Told me about his farm and cottage  
On the river's bank, where he hop'd to spend  
So many happy days, with joy and me.  
I, poor foolish maiden, in my fancy,  
Had trick'd it out another Paradise;  
And all my morning thought, and evening care  
Was how to furnish Henry's dwelling.  
I turn'd my spinning wheel early and late,  
And hoarded up my gains with a miser's care.  
Julia Ann, they say, is rich.—Well,  
She may bring him gold, and deck his rooms out  
Gayer by far than I could e'er have done.  
But one thing she cannot, I know, possess  
A more devoted heart, than this poor one  
That's breaking in my bosom.

Night wears on, and I must seek my pillow—  
Though not to sleep, I fear; much more to rest:  
But I will pray to heaven for fortitude;  
Pray to my Heavenly Father to forgive  
My blind idolatry—And pray—yes—pray  
For Henry too.

CRAZY JANE.

### MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

To be intruded upon by visitors at unseasonable hours, and to have their visits protracted to unreasonable lengths.

To hear long, dull stories upon subjects which you know nothing of and care less.

To hear the same story told ten times.

To be interrupted in your business by persons asking impudent questions.

To have an impudent intruder present when you wish to converse with a friend, or any other person, upon confidential subjects.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Traveller.

### FROM THE DIARY OF TOM SHUTTLECOCK.

FRIDAY, Sept. 16th.—Got up in high spirits this morning, having experienced a most somniferous night of it, or, as Cicero has it, *Arctior me quam solebat somnis complexus est*, considering that I did not retire until quite late in the evening, and was awakened from my slumbers but seven times from midnight to sunrise, viz., once by the young lady in the contiguous room, who called me with great vehemence in her sleep, and upon my answering that I would come as soon as I could put my clothes on, locked her door and pretended to be frightened half to death; once by a drunken fellow of a waiter, who came blundering into my chamber to inquire if I rang for him; once by a stage-man, who civilly begged my pardon, and "reckoned

I was the *gemanus booked* for the Worcester Mail Coach;" once by some cats, who serenaded or rather entertained me with "nocturnal music" under my window—*noctu alienus ostium occidere*; once by half a dozen watchmen, who were wrangling about some stolen property in the street; once by my bedstead's giving away, and letting me down upon the floor in such a manner as to bruise my head in several places, besides bringing my landlord and half of his family about my ears; and once by the intense agony of *incubus*, alias, night-mare, wherein I imagined, first, that I was a bowl of turtle-soup before an Alderman, panting to devour me; second, that I was a cask of Dupont's gunpowder, and that a rascally school-boy, with "a coal of fire in the tongs," was about to blow me "sky high;" and various other *metamorphoses* too terrible to mention.—Couple of eggs and a dish of coffee for breakfast—Delighted day to ambulate the city—Entered a barber's shop—*tonstrina*—waited until eleven gentlemen had been shaved, when the barber said, "Vell, Massa, me guess dat your turn bekom nex," and forthwith began to fill my mouth and nostrils with the same soap suds that he had just daubed upon the faces of those who had preceded me—"Stop! stop! that won't do!" said I, "give me fresh soap, water, razor and brush." "Nar, Massa, me can no gib you dat—me hab no odder beside me shav you vid all de ting dat me shav ebry body els, from de Mare to de gemman shimy sweep." Could make no reply, of course, to so overwhelming a response—consequently suffered the fellow to "new reap my chin"—had my coat *brushed* with a broom—bolted into the street—turned a corner suddenly, and ran against a young lady in muslin—she clasped me to save herself, and I clasped her for the same reason—accordingly we both fell into the gutter together—extricated ourselves as well as we could—she curstes and went one way—I bowed and went another; not however without exciting considerable laughter among the bystanders, every one of whom I would have thrashed upon the spot, had I not been fearful of receiving a severe thrashing myself.—Entered a Circulating Library—Have you the Tales of the Crusaders?" "Not in, sir?" "Segur's Campaign?" "It's out, sir?" "New Monthly?" "Will be in to-morrow, sir?" "Gayeities and Gravities?" "Have only a single copy—will be returned on Saturday, sir?" "Blackwood?" "Don't take it, sir?" "Harriet Wilson's Memoirs?" "Had twenty copies—all out, sir?" "North American?" It's at the binder's? "Don Quixote, in the original?" "Did not know it was ever translated, sir?" "Boden's Life of Kemble?" "They say it's a stupid thing, sir—so did not buy it." "It gives you more of the *arcana* of the British theatres than any other work in the country, though," I added, and left the place in high dudgeon.—Purchased the *opera* above mentioned of a bookseller—passed down Cornhill, so called from the fact that before the revolution it was an immense *hill* of corn.—Lounged into an English goods-store—"Any gloves?" "Men's or women's?" "Gentlemen's, to be sure"—Tried on a pair of white ones—"These are too small." "They will stretch to your hand, sir."—Tried on a pair of black—"These are too large." "They will shrink to your hand, sir"—So bought them both, on account of their opposite properties—paid the shopman in silver, and heard him say to his clerk, as I left the door, "That's the way to get the *shiners*, my boy—always tick it into the countrymen!" —Old Market-house—*Quere*. Wonder if it is not so called in contrary-distinction to the new one at the south end of the town—*Mem.* To ask some one that knows.—Trod upon a pebble-stone, and was thrown down—men and boys shouted—would have set my dog upon them for their insolence, but on turning round to call him, remembered that I had left him at home—Sign of the golden candlestick—very valuable article—*Quere*. Wonder if it is ever lighted?—*candlam accendere*.—*Mem.* To inquire of the lamp-lighter.—Back-street—remarkably narrow—an shrewdly suspicious that it owes its appellation to the singular circumstance that two vehicles enter at the opposite ends, at once, one must back out before the other can pass through—North Church—*Quere*. Wonder if the vane always points to the North pole.—*Mem.* To write a note of inquiry to the Warden about it—Seven bells—reminded me of the seven dials, London—Returned to the Coach and Horses—no appetite for dinner—presume because I eat so heartily a luncheon—however, made out to get down my *modicum* of wine, half a bottle of Port—rode out of town in the afternoon—stopped at a farm-house under the pretence of inquiring the way, but in reality to ogle a pretty girl sitting at the window—returned by dusk—*crespus culum*.—To the Circus and Ireland, at The World turned upside down, in the evening—people of all classes, colors and condition, sit together promiscuously.

*Quere*. Wonder if this is not done in order to ridicule the aristocracy of the higher orders, and keep up a spirit of democracy among the plebeians?—*Mem.* To inquire of the clown—would also have this fellow recollect what Shakespeare says, "And let your *clowns* speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them some that will of themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too?"—*verbum sapientibus*.—Observed some young spruce looking gentlemen with canes in their hands—conjecture that they are *Canaanites*, lately from the land of *Canaan*.—Horses kept sitting down and rolling about—curious—observed several stars at the bottom of the ring—was about jumping down to obtain one, but the rascally "Hannibals" and "Orsemen" went round so fast that I could not find a chance—came home full of the feats of the Greek—endeavored to imitate him—began first with a dozen of plates—broke nine of them at once, not being able to catch them after tossing them in the air—then took the knives—seized upon the blade of one, instead of the handle, and nearly cut my thumb off—then put a canary bird upon my head, and was taking aim to shoot it with a lighted cracker, from my mouth, when the vile "*India*" exploded like a gun, blew out two of my teeth, and tore my tongue and lips so dreadfully that I've not lisped a word since.

### OLDEN TIMES.

The following extracts, from an interesting historical work, published in New-Hampshire, by N. Adams, Esq., will afford amusement to the reader.—In the year 1649, the Governor, Deputy Governor, and magistrates, formed an association for the purpose of preventing the wearing of long hair, and the following was one of the articles which they signed:

"Forasmuch, as the wearing of long hair, after the manner of russians and barbarous Indians, has begun to invade New-England, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says it is a shame for a man to wear long hair, as also the commendable custom generally, of all the godly of our nation until these few years; we the magistrates who have subscribed this paper, (for the shewing of our own innocence in this behalf,) do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men do deform themselves, and offend sober and modest men, and do corrupt good manners. We do therefore earnestly entreat all the elders of this jurisdiction (as often as they shall see cause) to manifest their zeal against it, in their public administrations, and to take care that the members of their respective churches be not defiled therewith, that so, such as shall prove obstinate, and will not reform themselves, may have God and man to witness against them."

"1662, Serr. 25th. At a town meeting, ordered that a cage be made, or some other means invented by the Select men, to punish such as sleep, or chew tobacco on the Lord's Day out of the meeting, in the time of public exercise."

"1672, MARCH 12. Voted that if any shall smoke tobacco in the meeting-house, at any public meeting, he shall pay a fine of five shillings, for the use of the town."

An appeal from the Legs to the Head, for a more equal participation of rights and privileges:

SHEWETH, That the legs have been always of the utmost importance and utility to the head, conducting it to and from all places of business, profit and pleasure, and were the first who raised it to its present exalted situation. That the legs in armes have been occasionally found a grand specific against gun-shot wounds, bruises, dislocations, and even death itself, by running away with the head to a place of safety—witness a late commander, (who was carried in spite of his legs to St. Helena,) who, both in Egypt and in Russia, set his companions in arms the example, by proving to them that the legs could do all this. That in many particular classes of life the legs actually and *bona fide* support the head altogether; as is the case with porters, rope-dancers, penny-postmen, courtiers, and dancing masters. That, in fact, the legs have discovered, and are now fully convinced that they possess the understanding, and not the head, and that, therefore, the latter has lost all claim to particular notice, and paramount privilege. That, in consequence of the many benefits which they confer on the head, they conceive they ought no longer to submit to these base offices which are so universally assigned them. That, it is a hardship, an injustice, and a degree of slavery incompatible with the rights and privileges of free-born legs, daily to be obliged to wade through mud and dirt, supporting the whole weight of the head, who often sits up, in lazy state, curled, bedizened, and bepowdered. That, the legs are entitled to some nobler capacity, some more elevated situation. That having nerves as well as the head, the pretended seat of intelligence, their opinions ought not only to be taken, and their will consulted, but all the arrears due to their birth and long services fully and completely allowed. That, for this purpose, and availing themselves of the present topsy-turvy disposition of the world, they demand, claim, and insist, that the present position of mankind, which they have arrogantly enjoyed now nearly six thousand years, be instantly shifted, and that all men in future be obliged to stand upon their heads instead of their legs; an elevation to which they conceive they have been long since fully entitled by the laws of rotation, and which they believe to be most likely to produce that equality of representation which should always be preserved by members of the same body. Signed by, and in behalf of himself, and the Associated Legs of Great Britain and Ireland, at The World turned upside down, in the evening—people of all classes, colors and condition, sit together promiscuously."

### FASHION.

We do not take the pen, for the purpose of railing against fashion, or its votaries; but merely to drop a word or two of advice, to our aged matrons and their more aged spouses, not to be so outrageous against the modern customs of the younger community; but ask them to remember the days of their *danzig*—their cocked hats,—their leather breeches,—and buttons on their coat, as big as a modern sized tea plate—and some may remember, how hard it was when the fashion changed to get rid of these durable small clothes; and after pondering well the best possible way of wearing them out, have quietly sat upon a grindstone, while another youngster has turned the crank. We know there are many very cynical, who are always talking about the degeneracy of modern taste and customs, and laughing at the *Leather Straps* and *Bisks* of their own sex, but forget they were once encased in stays that would have proved impenetrable to a nine pounder, and as for the other sex, it is not more out of the way to tie two or three cravats tight about the neck for the purpose of giving them a prominent eye, than for our grandfathers to wear wigs as big as a bushel for the purpose of giving them a look of gravity and wisdom.

*Nantucket Inquirer.*

### Varieties.

#### THE HONEST CONFESSION.

It happened in a healthful year,  
(Which made provision very dear,  
And physic mighty cheap.)  
A doctor, sore oppress'd with want,  
On business turning out so scant,  
Was one day seen to weep.  
A neighbor ask'd him why so sad,  
And hoped no dangerous illness had  
To any friend belied.  
"O, Lord! you quite mistake the case!"  
Quoth Blister, "Sir, this rascal here  
Is 'cause my friends are well."

ANECDOTE OF BURNS. The following anecdote of the Ayrshire Bard, is, we believe, genuine, and hitherto unpublished. On a visit to a certain seaport town in this country, Burns entered into a warm discussion on religious topics with a person named Andrew Turner, who was famed for Deistical principles, and what John Bunyan would have denominated an "ill favoured" countenance. The Poet was worsted in the argument, at which he felt nettled and vented his spleen in the following impromptu:

It happened once upon a time,  
The devil got stuff to make a swine,  
And laid it in a corner:  
But after that he chang'd his plan,  
An' made it something like a man,  
An' call'd it ANDREW TURNER.

Old times back again.—After the abdication of Bonaparte, in 1814, it was observed at a fashionable party in Paris, that things were to be restored to the same state in which they were previous to the revolution. "Oh! I am delighted to hear that," exclaimed a lady who was no longer in the bloom of youth, "for then I shall be only eighteen years of age."

Some people being recounting several wonderful feats of horsemanship, an old soldier, who was present, said he had seen an English light-horseman, on full speed, pick a copper off the ground with his eye-lids.

### FOR SALE,

CENTRALLY situated in *Turner's Village*, about one half acre of LAND, lying between the main road running through said Village and Twenty Miles River—Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LADY STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL or WATER. Said stand is a rare chance for any Mechanic, being the centre of the town, and situated near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-machine, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would do well to call and see for themselves; and as the subscriber is about closing his business to remove from town, they may depend upon very fair terms and pay made easy. Those who calculate to purchase, are wished to call before the first of October, at the property if not sold before that time, will be disposed of in a different manner.

ISAAC BONNEY, Esq.

Turner Village, August 8, 1825.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Paris, October 1st, 1825.

Micah Allen.

Sarah Buck—Robert Pearce, Greenhead.

Jonathan Cummings, 2—

Clerk of the Circuit Court for the County of Oxford.

Hon. Court of Sessions—Next Court of Sessions.

Jacob French.

Rufus K. Goddenow, 4.

Sophia Harris—Joseph Herrick, Jr.

Lemuel Jackson.

Solomon Leonard—Joseph Lindsey—Joseph M. Lyford.

Liza Morse.

Sinton Norris—Cyrus B. Norris.

Julian K. Pratt—Benjamin Pratt.</